

MODERN ECENTRICS.

JACK ADAMS, THE ASTROLOGER. Among the celebrities of Clerkenwell Green was Jack Adams; his nativity was calculated by Partridge, who affirmed that he was born on the 3d of December, 1625, and that he was so great a natural or simpleton as to be obliged to wear long coats, besides other marks of stupidity; and that the parish not only maintained him, but allowed him a nurse to attend him to preserve him from harm. Allusion is made to him in a satirical ballad of 1655:— "Jack Adams sure was pawed (poet) by the vein."

And in the Wits; or Sport Upon Sport, 1682, we read of his visit to the Red Bull play-house, where with a large party, appearing on the stage with a large piece of broad-bottomed, Jack Adams, knowing him, cried out, "Ouz, Ouz, give me some," to the great pleasure of the audience. Ned Ward thus mentions his celebrity:— "What mortal that has sense or thought would strol that Jack Adams of his coat? Or who would be by friends deceived To wear a badge he would avoid?"

Jack Adams became a conjurer and professor of the celestial sciences at Clerkenwell Green; he was "a blind bizzard, who pretended to have the eyes of an eagle." He was chiefly employed in horary questions, relative to love and marriage; and knew, upon proper occasions, how to soothe and flatter the expectations of those who consulted him, as a man might have much better fortune from him for five guineas than for the same number of shillings. He affected a singular dress, and cast horoscopes with great solemnity. When he filled in his predictions he declared that they did not absolutely perform, but powerfully incline, and threw the blame upon wayward and perverse fate. He assumed the character of a learned and cunning man, but was not otherwise cunning than as he knew how to overcome those credulous mortals who were as willing to be cheated as he was to cheat them, and who relied implicitly upon his art. Mr. Warner says:—"A short time after we removed into the house (No. 7, Clerkenwell Green) two young women came to have their fortunes told. Upon being informed they were under some mistake, one expressed great surprise, and stated that he was the place she always came to, and she thought some of Mr. Adams' family always resided there. This was the first time I heard anything of Jack Adams. Several familiar applications were made by other persons, and we afterwards learn that it had been occupied by persons of that profession for many years. They generally went by the name of Adams."

In an old print we have Jack Adams in a fantastic dress, with a tobacco-pipe in his girdle, standing at a table on which lies a horn-bottle and "Poor Robin's Almanack." On one shelf is a row of books, and on another several boys playing, particularly a boy with a small drum. Before him is a man genteelly dressed, presenting five guineas; from his mouth proceeds a label inscribed, "Is she a princess?" This is meant for Carleton, who married the pretended German princess, Richia, him, a ragged slatternly woman, who has also a label in her mouth, with these words, "Sir, can you tell my fortune?" In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1785, are these lines:— "Now should I choose to invoke a muse, Muses are scarce madams; Else I court you in rough, Ere you could say Jack Adams."

In the City of London Library is an original print of Jack Adams, and a copy by Caulfield. LADY ARCHER. This lady, formerly Miss West, lived to a good age—a proof that cosmetics are not so fatal as some would have us suppose. Nature had given her a fine aquiline nose, like the princesses of the House of Austria, and she did not fail to give herself a complexion. She resembled a fine old wainscoted painting, with the face and features shining through a thick incrustation of copal varnish.

Her ladyship was for many years the wonder of the fashionable world, envied by all the ladies of the Court of George the Third. She had a well-appointed house in Portland Place. Her equipage was, with her, a sort of scenery. She glided in milk-white horses, her coachmen, footmen, and carriage were very snowy liveries; and the carriage was lined with silks of a tint to exhibit her complexion to advantage. Alexander Stephens, amongst whose papers was found this account of Lady Archer, tells us how he recollects to have seen Mrs. Robinson (the Perita of the Prince of Wales' loquacious far beyond all this in the exuberance of her genius, with a yellow lining to her laces, with a black footman, to contrast with her beautiful complexion, and a fascinating figure, and thus render both more lovely. Lady Archer lived at Barn Elms Terrace, and her house had the most elegant ornaments and draperies to strike the senses, and yet powerfully address the imagination. She could give an insinuating interest to the scenes about her. Her kitchen garden and pleasure grounds, of five acres—the Thames flowing in front, or up a portion of the estate—the apartments decorated in the Chinese style, and opening into hot-houses adorned with fruits of the richest growth, and green-houses with plants of great rarity and beauty, and superb coaches and draperies, effectively placed, rendered her home a sort of Elysium of luxury.

COLLEY CIBBER'S DAUGHTER. This unfortunate person was the youngest child of Colley Cibber, and married a singer named Charke. There seems to have been a touch of insanity, certainly there was no power of self-control, in this poor woman. From her childhood she had been wild, wayward, and rebellious; self-laught, as a boy might be, and with nothing feminine in her character or pursuits. With self-assertion, too, she was weak enough to be won by a knave with a sweet voice, whose cruel treatment drove his intractable wife to the stage, where she failed to profit by her fine opportunities. Mrs. Charke loved to play male characters, and of the many, that of "Plume" was her favorite. At the Haymarket Theatre, in 1745, she played "Captain Maccheath" and other masculine parts, before she attempted to pass herself off upon the world, or hide herself from it, as a female.

Dr. Doran, in his amusing book, "Their Majesties' Servants," writing of the year 1757, that of Colley Cibber's death, says:—"While the body of the Poet Laureate was being carried to Westminster Abbey, there was up a street in front of the house of Cibber, a man, who, in the name of Colley Cibber, and in the name of Colley Cibber's daughter, Charlotte Charke. Seven and twenty years before, she had just come upon the stage, after a stormy childhood, and she had a mania for appearing in male characters, and in her attire of the stage, she assumed a terrible offense she forfeited the recognition of her father, who was otherwise of a benevolent disposition; and friendless, she fought a series of battles with the world, but came off in all more and more battered. She started with a sword, she sailed as a grocer in Long Acre, became bankrupt as a puppet-show proprietor in James street, Haymarket; remarried, became a widow a second time, was plunged into deeper ruin, thrown into prison for debt, and returned only by the subscriptions of the lowest, but not least charitable, sisterhood of Drury Lane. Assuming male attire, she hung about the theatres for casual hire, went on tramp with itinerant hurgers, daily, and was weekly cheated; but she kept up such an appearance that an honest fellow in love with her, who was reduced to despair when Charlotte Charke revealed her story, and abandoned the place. Her next post was that of a valet to an Irish lord; for which she was paid by her child, because she could not obtain a living; and then Charlotte Charke cried 'Comin', comin', sir, as a waiter at the King's Head tavern, Marylebone. Hence she was drawn by an offer to make her

manager of a company of strolling players, with whom she enjoyed more appetite than means to appease it. She endured sharp distress, again and again; but was relieved by an uncle, who furnished her with funds, with which she opened a tavern in Drury Lane, where, after a brief career of success, she again became bankrupt. To the regular stage she once more returned, under her brother Theophilus, at the Haymarket; but the Lord Chamberlain closed the house, and Charlotte Charke took to working the wires of Russell's famous puppets, in the Great Room, still existing in Brewer street. There was a great good fortune for her; but it soon faded away; and then for nine wretched years, this clever, but most wretched of women struggled frantically for bare existence, amongst the most wretched of strollers, with whom she endured unmitigated misery. And yet, Gibber's erring and careless daughter continued to reach London, where, in 1755, she published her remarkable autobiography, the details of which make the heart ache, in spite of the small sympathy of the reader for the half-mad creature. On the profits of this book, she was enabled to open, as landlord, a tavern at Islington; but, of course, ruin ensued; and a hut, amid the cinder heaps and worse refuse, in the desolate fields, she found a refuge, and even wrote a novel, on a paper, in her lap, by way of desk. Here she lived with a squallid handmaiden, a cat, dog, marmoset, and monkey. Humbled, disconsolate, abandoned, she readily accepted from a publisher who visited her £10 for her manuscript. This was at the close of the year 1765, and she did not meet her author till 1759, two years after her father's death, when she played "Marplot," in the Dumbshow, for her own benefit at the Haymarket, with this advertisement:—"As I am entirely dependent on chance for subsistence, and in consequence getting into business, I humbly hope the town will favor me on the occasion, which, added to the rest of their indulgence, will be ever gratefully acknowledged by their truly obliged and obedient servant, Charlotte Charke." She died on the 6th of April, 1769.

"She is said to have once given imitations of her father on the stage; to have presented a pistol, and to have robbed him on the highway, and to have smacked his face with a pair of soles-out of her own basket."

BUSBY'S FOLLY, AND BULL FEATHER HALL. At Busby's Folly, a bowling-green and house of public entertainment, upon the site of the Belvedere Tavern, Pentonville, there met, on the 2d of May, 1644, a fraternity of Old Fellows, members of the Society of Bull Feathers Hall, who claimed, among other things, the toll of all the gravel carried up Highgate Hill. In a rare tract entitled, "Bull Feather Hall, or the Antiquity of Horns amply shown," 1664, is related the manner of going from Busby's Folly to Highgate. "On Monday, being the 2d day of May, the part of the fraternity met at Busby's Folly, in Islington, where, after they had set all things in order, they marched out, *ordine quiesque suo*—first a set of trumpets, then a controller or captain of the pioneers, with thirty or forty following him with pikes and spears to level the hill, and baskets withal to carry gravel. After them another set of trumpeters, and also four that did wind the horn; after them, the standard, *attias* an exceeding large pair of horns fixed on a pole, with a banner on each side, and on each pole, the master of the ceremonies attending it with other officers. Then followed the dog, with the arms of the Society, with horned beasts drawn thereon, and this motto:— "To have and not to use the same, Is not their glory, but their shame."

After this came the dog, but the Herald-at-Arms, with the Arms of the Society, the coat I cannot rightly blazon, but I remember the supporters were on one side, a woman with a whip in her hand, besides that of her tongue, with a menacencul look, and underneath the motto, *Ut rolet, sic et rolet*; the other side, a man in a woful plight, and underneath him, *Patientia patitur*. In this order they marched, attended by multitudes of people. This Club, as the tract informs us, used to meet in Chequer Field, in Whitechapel, their president being arrayed in a crimson satin gown and a turreted cap, surmounted by a pair of antlers; and on a cushion lay a cornet sceptre and crown; the brethren drank out of horn cups, and were sworn on admission, upon a blank horn-bottle. They met twice a week, to solace themselves with harmless merriment, and promote good fellowship among their neighbors."

Busby's Folly was afterwards called "Penny's Folly." Here, Thacker, a high German, who had performed before the Majesties and the Royal Families, exhibited his Learned Little Horse from Lowland, who was to be seen looking out of the window, up two pair of stairs, every evening before the performance began. Curious deceptions. "Comin', comin', comin', comin', comin', and the musical glasses, were also exhibited here.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND. Abraham Newland, who was nearly sixty years in the service of the Bank of England, and whose name became a synonym for a bank-note, was one of a family of twenty-five children, and was born in Southwark in 1736. At the age of eighteen he entered the Bank service as junior clerk. He was very fond of music, which led him into much dissipation. Still, he was very attentive to business, and rose to be appointed; in 1782, he was appointed chief cashier, with a suite of rooms for residence in the Bank, and for five-and-twenty years he never once slept out of the building. The pleasantest version of his importance is contained in the famous song in the *Whims of the Day*:—"Here he'er was a name so handed by fame, Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land, As one that is wrote upon every bank note, And you may see him know Abraham Newland. O, Abraham Newland! Notice! Abraham Newland! I have heard people say, 'O, Abraham Newland, But you must not be sham Abraham Newland. 'For fashion or arts should you seek foreign parts, It matters not wherever you land; Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak, That's the language of Abraham Newland. O, Abraham Newland! Wonderful Abraham Newland, Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be dead, 'Tis an Abraham Newland."

"The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind, Lawyers know very well they can view land; But, lord, what of that, that's a bank note, at the sight of an Abraham Newland! O, Abraham Newland! Magical Abraham Newland! Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see through a million, She can't see through Abraham Newland. 'Your patrons who bow for the roof of us all, Kind souls! here lie mushrooms they grow land; They would a' d'um, each proves orator more, If struck by an Abraham Newland. O, Abraham Newland! Inevitable Abraham Newland! No arguments, no logic, no wit, no sound, As the voice of Abraham Newland. 'The French say they're coming, but sure they are humming, I know what they want if they do land; We'll make them drink in disease of our king, Our country, and Abraham Newland. O, Abraham Newland! Darling Abraham Newland! No't a crook, so it, no't the devil himself, Shall'er or rob you, Abraham Newland. In 1807 he retired from the office of chief cashier, after declining a pension. He had hitherto been accustomed, after the business at the Bank, in his department had closed and he had dined moderately, to order his carriage and drive to his house, where he drank tea at a small table. Those who lived in that neighborhood long recollected Newland's daily walk, had, rain, or sunshine, along Highbury Place. It was said that he regretted his retirement from the Bank, but he said that not for £20,000 a year would he return. He then retired to No. 38 Highbury Place. His health and strength declined, it is said, through the distress of mind wrought upon him by the fore-germs of Robert Aslett, a clerk in the bank,

whom Newland had treated as his own son. It was well known that Newland had accumulated a large fortune—legacy hunters came about him, and an acquaintance sent him a ham as a present; but Newland despised the mercenary motive, and next time he saw the donor he said, "I have received a ham from you; I thank you for it," said he; but (raising his finger in a significant manner) added, "I tell you it won't do, it won't do."

Newland had no extravagant expectations that the world would be drowned in sorrow when it should be his turn to leave it; and he wrote this ludicrous epiphon on himself, shortly before his death:—"Repeath this stone old Abraham New, Nob,dy laughs, and nobody cries. Where he's gone, and how he fares, No one knows, no one cares."

His physician, in one of his latest visits, found him reading the newspaper, when the doctor expressing his surprise, Newland replied, smiling—"I am only looking in the paper in order to see what I am reading to-day, and to see if I have any apparent pain of body or anxiety of mind, and his remains were deposited in the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark. Newland's property amounted to £200,000, besides a thousand or more landed estates. It must not be supposed that this was saved from his salary. During the whole of his career the loans for the war proved very prolific. A certain amount of them was always reserved for the use of the Government. Report names £100,000, and as they generally came out at a premium, the profits were great. The family of the Goldsmids, then the leaders of the Stock Exchange, contracted for many of these loans, and lent them to Newland, who purchased mourning rings, Newland's large funds, it is said, were occasionally lent to the Goldsmids to assist their varied speculations.

LISTON IN TRAGEDY. Playgoers of the present century narrate the early *serenities* of Liston the comedian, and his subsequent turn for tragedy; prodigions which the experience of the next generation may have thrown into the shade of doubt. The facts are, however, well authenticated. Liston was lineally descended from Johan de L'Estonne, who came over with the Norman William, and had lands awarded him at Lupton Magna in Kent. The more immediate ancestors of Mr. Liston were Puritans, and his father, Habakuk, was an Anabaptist minister. At the age of nine young Liston was placed under the tuition of Rev Mr. Goodenough, whose decease was attended with these awful circumstances:—It seems that the old gentleman and his pupil had been walking out together, in a fine sunset, to the distance of three quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a hedge, and he fell backwards, and was killed, and soon afterwards abandoned. The old clergyman, leaning over, either with incaution or sudden giddiness (probably a mixture of both), suddenly lost his footing, and, to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared, and was doubtless never to be seen again. When he came on his head, etc., da-ning successively upon the projecting masses of the ensnared, had such an effect upon the young Liston that a sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery he was unable to see a human face. The joint death of both his parents, which happened not many months after this disastrous accident, and were probably (one or both of them) accelerated by it, threw our youth upon the protection of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Sittlingbourn, a woman of a very different nature. To the influence of her early counsels and manners he always attributed the firmness with which, in maturer years, thrown upon a way of life commonly not the best adapted to gravity and self-restraint, he was able to maintain a serious character, unimpaired by the levities incident to his profession. Ann Sittlingbourn (her portrait was painted by Hudson) was stately, still, and tall, with a cast of features strikingly resembling those of the venerable and venerable solitudes of Charwood, and amid thick shades of the oak and beech (the last his favorite tree), Liston cultivated those contemplative habits which never entirely deserted him in his old age. He was a man of a very different nature to be met, book in hand—not a play-book—meditating. Boyle's "Reflections" was at one time his darling volume, which, in its turn, was superseded by Young's "Night Thoughts"; and he was a man of a very different nature to be met, book in hand—not a play-book—meditating. Boyle's "Reflections" was at one time his darling volume, which, in its turn, was superseded by Young's "Night Thoughts"; and he was a man of a very different nature to be met, book in hand—not a play-book—meditating.

The premature death of Mrs. Sittlingbourn, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping chamber, left Liston, in his nineteenth year, nearly without resources. He was then in possession of a pocket watch, which he carried about with him, and which he used to consult in a moment of need. The premature death of Mrs. Sittlingbourn, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping chamber, left Liston, in his nineteenth year, nearly without resources. He was then in possession of a pocket watch, which he carried about with him, and which he used to consult in a moment of need. The premature death of Mrs. Sittlingbourn, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping chamber, left Liston, in his nineteenth year, nearly without resources. He was then in possession of a pocket watch, which he carried about with him, and which he used to consult in a moment of need.

At Charwood, then, we behold him thoughtful, grave, and serene, as he cradled a babe to flesh, meats, and strong drinks; abstemious even beyond the genius of the place; and almost in spite of the remonstrances of his great aunt, who, though strict, was not rigid; water was his drink, and he was contented beyond the mast and berths of his favorite grove. It is a medical fact that this kind of diet, however favorable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, etc., is but ill adapted to the less robust minds and bodies of a later generation. It is not surprising, therefore, that Liston, who was subject to fits, and had visions. Those arid beech-trees, distilled by a complexion naturally arid, mounted into a brain already prepared to kindle at long sections, and the fever of the Calveinist notion, by the glow of the Charwood grove, was assailed by illusions similar in kind to those which are related of the famous Anthony of Padua. Wild antic faces would ever and anon protrude upon his senses, and when he awoke, he would often have them open, the same illusions operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him, tickled his face, flapping at him, flouting at him, booting at him, and he would often have them open, the same illusions operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him, tickled his face, flapping at him, flouting at him, booting at him, and he would often have them open, the same illusions operated.

On the death of Mrs. Sittlingbourn Liston was received into the family of Mr. Willoughby, an eminent Turkey merchant in Birch Lane. He was more treated like a son than a clerk, though he was nominally but the latter. Different avocations, scenes, with alternation of business and recreation, appear to have weaned him in a short time from the hypochondriacal ailments which had beset him at Charwood. Within the next three years we find him making a tour to the Continent, and he was often a factor for Mr. Willoughby, at the Porte; he used to relate passages of his having been taken up on a suspicion of a design of penetrating the seraglio, etc.; but some of these stories are whimsical, and do not bear the test of truth. We will now bring him over the seas again, and suppose him in the counting-house in Birch Lane, his factor's satisfactory, and all going on so smoothly that we may expect to witness a natural bent to tragedy, he was invited to change. But see the turns of destiny! Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was then called, in the Norfolk company, diverted his inclinations from commerce, and he became a stage-actor. Happy for the lovers of mirth was it that he took this turn. Shortly after, he made his *debut* on the Norwich boards, in his twenty-second year. Having a natural bent to tragedy, he was invited to change. But see the turns of destiny! Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was then called, in the Norfolk company, diverted his inclinations from commerce, and he became a stage-actor. Happy for the lovers of mirth was it that he took this turn. Shortly after, he made his *debut* on the Norwich boards, in his twenty-second year.

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incapacitated him for tragedy. His person, at this latter period, was graceful, and even comely. He was not a power of arresting the attention of an audience at first sight, beyond any other tragic actor, but he could not hold it. To understand this obstacle we must go back a few years to those appalling ravages at Charwood. Those illusions which had vanished before the dissipation of a less reclusive life, and more free society, now in his solitary tragic studies, and amid the intense call upon feeling incident to tragic acting, came back upon him with tenfold vividness. In the midst of some most pathetic passages—the parting of "Jaffier" with his dying friend, for instance—he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse-laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, he would suddenly break into grotesque faces which would pop out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audience could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the contract of feeling. He describes them (the illusions) as a many demons haunting him, and paralyzing every effort. It was said that he could not recite the famous soliloquy in *Hamlet* even in private, without immoderate fits of laughter. However, what he had not force of reason sufficient to overcome, he had good sense enough to turn into emolument, and determined to make a commodity of his distemper. He privately exchanged the bustle of the theatre, and the illusions instantly ceased; or, if they occurred for a short season, by their very co-operation added a zest to his comic vein; some of his most catching faces being (as he expressed it) little more than transcripts and copies of the fit of horse-laughter.

We have now drawn Liston to the period when he was about to make his first appearance in London. These details have been condensed from a paper in the *London Magazine*, January, 1824; and are ever preserved in the sketch of Liston's career, written a few days after his death, March 22, 1846, by his son-in-law, George Herbert Rodwell, the musical composer, and published in the *Illustrated London News*, March 28, 1846. There are also some particulars in the *Illustrated London News*, March 17, 1846, that his father lived in Norris street, Haymarket; and that young John was educated at Dr. Barrow's School, and subsequently became second master in Archbishop Tenison's School. Rodwell relates that early in his theatrical life Liston was employed by a theatrical manager, Kemble, the manager. Sitting in awful state in the centre of the stage, directing a rehearsal, Kemble eyed him several times before he spoke; at last he growled out, "Well, young man, you are come." Mr. Liston bowed, and now you may go home, and be broken up your engagement by being too late." "It's very easy to say go back," replied Liston, with one of his peculiar looks. "But here I am and here I must stay, for I have not a farthing left in the world." Kemble said, "You are a fine fellow, and I shall be glad to see you again." Liston remained until he came to London for good. The comic part he ever performed was "Gregory," in *She stoops to Conquer*. He took a fancy to the character, and kept secret his intentions as to the manner he meant to play it, and the style of dress he would wear. When he came on, his original was his whole conception of the thing, that not an actor on the stage could speak for laughing. When he came off, Mr. Kemble said, "Young man, it strikes me you have mistaken your order; you are something comic about you." "I've not mistaken my order," replied Liston, "but you never before allowed me to try. I don't think myself I was made for the heavy Barons." He first appeared in London as "Sham" in *Palmyre*, June 10, 1805. "That Mr. Liston did really imagine he could be a tragic actor," says Rodwell, "is partly borne out by his actually having attempted 'Octavian,' in the *Mouliniers*, May 17, 1808."

He rarely went little into society. His attention to his religious duties was always marked by devout sincerity, and his knowledge of the Scriptures was very extensive. When Liston first came to London he generally wore a wig, and his covering being accompanied by an ugly little pug dog. This pug dog, like his master, soon made himself a favorite; so where he would, and seemed exceedingly proud that he could make almost as many laugh as his master. The pug dog acted as Mr. Liston's *avant courier*, was trotting on before to announce his friend and master. The frequenters of the Orange Coffee House, Cockspur street, where Liston resided, used to say, laughing, that Liston will be here in a moment, for here is his pug dog."

MODERN ASTROLOGY—"WITCH PICKLES."

It would be an acquisition to our knowledge if some one competent to the task would collect materials for the history of the men who, within the present century, have made a profession of *judicial astrology*. Attention is occasionally drawn to the practices of itinerant fortune-tellers, many of whom still procure a livelihood. The astrologer, however, or, as he is denominated in some districts of England, more particularly in Yorkshire, "a planet ruler," and sometimes "a wise man," is of a higher order. He does not itinerate, is generally a man of some education, possessed of a good deal of fragmentary knowledge, and a smattering of science. He very often conceals his real profession by practicing as a "Water Doctor," or as a "Bone Setter," and some possess a considerable amount of skill in the treatment of ordinary diseases. He is generally a man of a very different nature to those which they carried on in a secret way. They were consulted in cases of difficulty by a class of superstitious persons, and an implicit faith was placed in their statements and predictions. "Witch Pickles" was a name given to all cases of accident, disaster, or loss. He was consulted as to the probabilities of the return and safety of the distant and absent; of the chances of the recovery of the sick, and of the destiny of some beloved friend or relative. The consultation with these men would often have sinister aim—to discover by the stars whether an obnoxious husband would survive, or whether the affections of a courted or inconstant lover could be secured. Very often the maladies were ascribed to an "ill wish," and the planet ruler was sought to discover who was the ill-wisher, and what charm would remove the spell. It is needless to say that the practices of these astrologers were productive, in a large number of cases, of much disturbance among neighbors and relatives, and great mischief to all concerned, except the man who profited by the credulity of his dupes. Some of these charlatans, no doubt, were believe in the immobility, but the greater number were ardent cheats. In Leeds and its neighborhood, there were, some five-and-thirty years ago, several "wise men." Among the number was a man known by no other name than that of "Witch Pickles." He was a very good astrologer, and ruled the planets for those who sought him for that purpose. He dwelt in a retired house on the road from Leeds to York, about a mile from the Shoulder of Mutton public house, at the top of Marsh Lane, and persons came from the Yorkshire Wolds to consult him. The man and the house were held in awe by boys and even older persons, who had belief in his powers. Little was known of his life, nor of his private character, but those who sought his professional assistance. He never committed anything to writing. He was particularly inquiring into all the circumstances of any case on which he was consulted before he gave an opinion. He then, as he termed it, proceeded to draw a figure in order to discover the conjunction of the planets, and then entered upon the explanation of what the stars predicted. Strange things were told of him, such as that he performed incantations at midnight on certain days in the year, when particular planets were in the ascendant; and that on such occasions strange sights and sounds would be seen and heard by persons passing the house. These were the embellishments of vulgar rumor. The man was quiet and inoffensive in his

demeanor, and was fully sensible of the necessity of a life of seclusion. He is believed to have practiced a few tricks, such as lighting a candle or fire without visible agency, and other tricks far more ingenious than the modern table-rapping. "Witch Pickles" was only one among the number who derived a large profit from this kind of occupation. He was one of the more respectable of the class, and he never descended to the vile tricks of others of the profession—tricks practised on weak and credulous women and girls, which will not bear description. One of the most celebrated works on astrology is that of Dr. Sibly, twelfth edition, 1817, in two octavo volumes containing more than 1100 pages. The following will give an idea of the pretensions of the book, which is a remarkable book, if it really went through twelve editions. The owner of a privy which had not been heard of, called to know her fate. Dr. Sibly gave a large prospect from this kind of the precise time the question was propounded. The spiritist appeared well formed and substantial, but not a swift sailer, as is demonstrated by an earth sign possessing the cusp of the ascendant, and the sign of the Dragon's Head in five degrees of the same sign. The ship itself was pronounced to have been captured. "From the whole account it is clear that Dr. Sibly's system—how now esteemed by astrologers I do not know—has been this alteration. Either one and the same figure will tell the fate of all the ships which have not been heard of, including their sailing qualities, or the stars will never send an owner to seek for news, except just at the moment when they are in a position to describe this particular ship."

HANNAH GREEN, OR "LING-BOB WITCH." This noted sibyl lived in a cottage on the edge of the moor on the left of the old road from Oley to Bradford, between Carlton and Yealand, and eight miles from Leeds. She was popularly known as "The Ling-bob Witch," a name given her, it is supposed, from living among the ling-bobs, or heather-tubs. She was resorted to on account of her supposed knowledge of future events; but like the rest of her class, her principal forte was fortune-telling, from which, it is said, she herself realized a handsome fortune. Many strange tales have been told of her, such as her power of transforming herself, after slipping into the shoes of any she liked; and of her odd tricks, her nightly rambles, her favorite character being that of the hare, in which personation she was unluckily shot by an unsuspecting poacher, who was almost terrified out of his senses by the awful screams which she uttered in her agony. She was the Ling-bob Witch. In the year 1788, Dr. Green, of Sheffield, being at Leeds, had the curiosity to pay a visit to the noted Hannah Green. He first questioned her respecting the future fortunes of a near relative of his, who was then in circumstances of distress, and indeed in prison. She told him immediately that his friend's trouble would continue full three times three years, and he would then experience a great deliverance, which, in fact, was on the point of being literally verified, for he was then in the Court of King's Bench. He then asked her if she possessed any foreknowledge of what was about to come to pass on the great stage of the world. To which she replied, in a tone of solemnity, "I know of one who would be *diverted once, but would not happen*; but the second time it would blaze out in all its horrors, and extend to all the neighbouring countries; and that the two countries (these appear to be France and Poland), at a great distance from each other, would in consequence obtain their freedom, although after hard struggles. After the year 1790, she observed, many great persons, even kings and queens, would lose their lives, and that not by *force of arms*. In 1794, a great warrior of high blood is to fall in the field of battle; and in 1795, a distant nation (thought to be negro slaves), who have been dragged from their own country, will rise as one man, and deliver themselves from their oppressors. Hannah appears to have been one of a somewhat numerous class, many of whom were resident in Yorkshire. Very few of them went beyond the attempt to foretell the future events in the lives of individuals; they did not aim at such high and general predictions, but were of a nature to be regarded as typical of the intended innovations in the affairs of the English East India Company. "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great words, and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." Here, said Mr. Scott, "I believe there is a mistake of six months—the proposed duration of the bill being four years, or forty-eight months." "And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads." Here places, pensions, and pecuniaries are clearly marked out. "And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great, plainly the East India Company—'is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird.'"

He read a passage from Thucydides to prove that men are only to be punished by justice than by violence, and described the country crying out for a respite, like "De-mona." "Kill me to morrow—let me live to night—But half an hour!" This strange jumble was well quizzed by Sheridan, and Mr. Scott appears to have found out the rhetorical embellishments which Lillie Lin, for his subsequent speeches are less ornate. In the squibbs of the period their obscurity forms the point of the jokes leveled at him. Thus, among the pretended translations of Lord Belfrage's famous Greek comedy, the following couplet was attributed to him:—"With metaphysic art his speech he plans'd, And said 'what nobody could understand.'"

—Temple Bar.

—Boy, with ragged trowsers and flimsy chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store with a dipper in his hand:—"Doctor, mother sent me to the shop to buy quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick with the picken chex, and she wants a thimbleful of polygotic in this tin dipper, cos she's in a bad way, and the kint'p'ny's got the blue witters in't—got any?"

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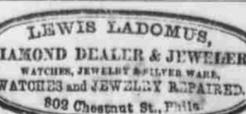
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